

"ONE THING FELLERS WHICH LIVE IN THE SUBURBS HAS GOT MORE THAN FELLERS WHICH LIVE IN THE CITY IS MILEAGE"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

Thus Spake Zapp in Commenting Upon the Joys of Suburban Life, Which Don't Appeal to Him at All

Birsky, on the Other Hand, Who Has Never Lived Out of the City, is Convinced That the Country Dweller is Much More Happy Than the City-ite, Especially in the Summer

Being a Suburbanite is Like Being a Traveling Salesman, says Zapp. "The Distance You Travel is the Same, the Railroad Accommodations Ain't No Better, but Instead of Getting Every Night a Rotten Dinner and a Good Game of Pinochle Afterwards at Dollar-and-a-Half-a-Day Hotels, American Plan, You Go Home and Get a Good Dinner and No Game of Pinochle"

I RUN across Max Paikes yesterday afternoon," Louis Birsky, the real estate, said one morning in March. "He was telling me that you spent Sunday with him at his place in Sand Plains."

"He ain't lying to you," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, admitted.

"What kind of a property has he got up there?" Birsky asked.

"He's got all the conveniences of a feller living in a \$20 a month cold-water flat, without janitor service, before steam heat was invented, except that he ain't so handy to a delicatessen store. The bread run out at lunch time, Birsky, and for supper we had to eat Fig Newtons with the eingemachte herring and luncheon bolony, as Mrs. Paikes didn't know the neighbors good enough to borrow a loaf from them on account of only living up there three years."

"But ain't the air elegant up in Westchester County?" Birsky insisted.

"Say!" Zapp exclaimed, "after a feller escapes with his life from the subway at 42d street, y'understand, and travels up to Sand Plains every night in a combination baggage and smoker along with five or six dozen



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decent, respectable, hard-working Italianer asheart drivers, understand me, when smilich he arrives in the country, Birsky, the air must get to be elegant, otherwise it wouldn't be too much to expect there is waiting for him a couple of soda water tanks full of oxygen like they give it to pneumonia patients with a rating of A to C, credit high."

"What are you talking nonsense, Zapp?" Birsky said. "I bet you wasn't on the train half an hour. Sand Plains is one of the most convenient suburbs to get to."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but Paikes don't live in the suburbs, Birsky. He lives in the suburbs of the suburbs, and he says to me on the train that from the station to his house is only 20 minutes by trolley, but he practically never takes it as his otermobile is waiting for him at the station practically every night, and gets him to his home in 10 minutes. Well, after we got out of the trolley, Birsky, we walked another 10 blocks, and at last we reached the house. If ever you go up to Sand Plains to see Paikes and the otermobile should Gott soll huten practically not be at the station, Birsky, you couldn't miss Paikes' house. Keep to the right after you cross the tracks and it's the 956th white Colonial house with green blinds and a For Sale sign on it."

"Is Paikes' house for sale?" Birsky asked.

"Sure it is," Zapp replied. "What do you think—Paikes is such a close friend of mind that he asks me up for pleasure?"

"For why does he want to sell?" Birsky inquired.

"He says before lunch that his wife takes a dislike to the place on account in summer the smell of the flowers reminds her of the cemetery where her Uncle Jake's first wife is buried, and for that reason he would take \$12,500 for the house. After lunch he also said that his hay fever was something terrible up there and he might be willing on that account to call it an even \$12,000. After supper he says if it wouldn't be that his father-in-law is getting pretty feeble and might go off at any moment, corner of 89th street and Madison avenue, y'understand, he wouldn't take a penny less than \$11,500 for the house, and just before I got on the train to come home he says how much would I give for the house."

"But Paikes really and truly paid \$12,000 for the house," Birsky declared.

"Then how could he expect to get rid of it for \$11,500?" Zapp demanded. "If you would read the Sunday papers, Birsky, you would know that

the standard amount below cost which they advertise country houses to sell for is \$5000. In fact, I often figured it out, Birsky, that as everybody is willing to sell his 12-room house with three baths, sun parlor and every modern improvement for \$5000 below cost, if such a house originally cost \$25,000 and changes hands six times, y'understand, the last owner gets it for nothing with a bonus of \$5000 thrown in. And even then he is welcome to the house for all of me."

"That's because you don't know what it is like to live in the country, Zapp," Birsky said.

"I think I've got a pretty good idea," Zapp retorted. "It's something like being southern salesman for a line of goods where you've got to make a different town each day. The distance you travel is the same, the railroad accommodations ain't no better, but instead of getting every night a rotten dinner and a good game of pinochle afterwards at dollar-and-a-half-a-day hotels, American plan, you go home and get a good dinner and no game of pinochle at all from one year's end to the other. Yes, Birsky, it's very unjust the way the world looks at things. For instance, once in five years Mr. Roosevelt makes a trip of about 10,000 miles, y'understand, and when he comes back, y'understand, a dozen magazines is falling over themselves that Mr. Roosevelt should accept \$5000 a piece for an article telling about these here 10,000 miles he traveled; he writes a book about it, Birsky, and gets paid at the rate of a dollar a mile, or \$10,000, for it; he gives a lecture about it in Carnegie Hall and six people sends letters to the papers and complains of the man in the box office because he says all right he's a liar then, when he told them two hours after the advance sale opened that the entire house was sold out and they said he was a liar. The Explorers' Union, Local No. 1, gives a dinner to him—not the box-office man, but Mr. Roosevelt, and he makes an after-dinner speech (Copyright T. Roosevelt, 1915) about it and realizes another \$2500 or so, and that's the way it goes. But you take Max Paikes which in five years travels 75,000 miles to Mr. Roosevelt's 10,000, Birsky, and what is it? Nobody asks him to write about it; nobody wants him to talk about it, and if somebody



It's the 956th white Colonial house.

blows him on account of it to a rye bread tongue sandwich and a package of all-tobacco cigarettes it would be big already."

"Evidently you seem to think that it's a hardship that a feller should live in the country," Birsky said. "Did you ever think what it means to a business man that he should be able to raise his own vegetables?"

"Sure, I did," Zapp replied. "It means that he is going to eat principally radishes for the whole summer because that's the only vegetable which a business man who raises his own vegetables could really rely upon. Furthermore, you think I am a green-horn in the country, Birsky, but I already done my twenty odd thousand miles in round-trip instalments of 44 miles a day on the Long Island Railroad, and I know the whole game of living in the country right the way through, from getting stuck with the lots downwards. I used to own a house at Brunswick Beach and when I achenked it to the second mort-

gagee a year and a half after it was built, y'understand, it had cracks in the walls on the second floor which if you'd put a couple of windows and a dgor in 'em could be considered as extra masters' bedrooms."

"Steam heat will do that to a new house, Zapp," Birsky said. "Maybe you kept the place too warm."

"Too warm!" Zapp exclaimed. "Listen, Birsky, the heating plant of that house wasn't designed for nothing bigger than a five-dollar-a-year safe deposit box. With the furnace going full on, Birsky, whenever my wife opened the refrigerator door, Birsky, it raised the temperature of the kitchen 10 degrees. The plumbing was nothing extra, neither. We had a gas heater for the hot water, Birsky, which, figuring at the rate of \$1.80 per thousand cubic feet, if you took six hot baths it was the equivalent of a suit of clothes. For years in New York I tried to bring myself to take a cold plunge in the morning, but I couldn't stand the shock till I

seen my first month's gas bill out in Brunswick Beach, and after that all I had to do when I jumped into a cold bath was to think how many cubic feet I was saving, and if it was six below zero even I got a pleasant glow all over. Later on it got to be such a habit with me to take cold plunges, Birsky, that the second summer was there when they had that bad water famine on Long Island, I used bottled water as long as I could get the spring water companies to send me trial samples. For over a month there we done the week's washing with artificial vichy and my wife had to get rid of the wash lady because for every siphon she put in the tubs she drank one herself."

"You were lucky it was only vichy, Zapp," Birsky said. "It might have been ginger ale or root beer, in which case she would of took it home to the children."

"Joke if you want to, Birsky," Zapp retorted. "But what I am telling you now is facts from living in the country."

"Schmooses, Zapp!" Birsky said. "You could have shortage of water in the city just so much as in the country. Just because you didn't like Brunswick Beach ain't nothing against it. Simon Kuhney has been living now in Brunswick Beach for six years, y'understand, and he says if he leaves his house at 7 o'clock he is in his office at 8:15."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but if a feller which leaves his home in Brunswick Beach at 7 o'clock would arrive in his office at 8:15 only often enough, Birsky, sooner or later on his account the conductor would get to go from car to car asking is there a doctor on the train."

"Well, if everybody felt the way you do about living in the country, Zapp," Birsky said, "who would buy suburban real estate?"

"Nobody," Zapp replied.

"But you admit that there's a whole lot of people living in the suburbs, Zapp," Birsky said, and Zapp nodded.

"Then there must be some advantage in it," Birsky insisted.

"Well," Zapp admitted, "there's one thing that fellers which lives in the suburbs has got more than f-llers which lives in the city."

"What's that?" Birsky asked.

"Mileage," Zapp concluded.

SPECIAL FLOWER WEEK NUMBER

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

The Weather RAIN-AWAKENED FLOWERS!

THE KIDDIES' GARDEN

"Close to Nature" is a phrase that means more than many of us think. Gardening in all forms brings us there. For children, especially, it is beneficial. Gardening yields an influence that is far-reaching in effect; it makes a child love nature, birds, animals, and helps cultivate a loveable disposition. It makes dull spots bright and forms, where trash heaps often would exist, a sea of beauty.

There are many varieties of flowers that are easily grown and appeal especially to the fancy of children, chief among which are pansy, portulaca, petunia, nasturtium, alyssum and marigold.

The child's garden makes the parent take an interest in Nature, and many an hour that would be spent indoors otherwise is whiled away in the midst of clean soil.

It is interesting to watch children garden, because they love it and because on their faces can be seen continually, from seed-sowing till bloom time, a happy and eager look, a bright hope of what that plant will bring forth and how soon it will bloom; after which mother's flower vase will be supplied daily with fresh posies.

Health—the greatest asset in life—has almost been overlooked. The more a child is outdoors, when properly clothed, the more robust and healthful will it remain and the doctor will become a stranger.

If you've a spot in the yard, let the children have a flower garden. If you've only a brick pavement, then let them have a window box. But give them a garden of some kind in summer. Make your plans now.

FARMER SMITH'S FLOWER BOOK

The Forget-me-not

The eagle sat on the highest crag of the mountain and looked afar over the distant hills. Then he descended to the ground, where he sat quite still. Suddenly he heard a voice beside him and, looking down, discovered a small seed.

"Ah!" he thought to himself. "I wonder how that seed came to be there and what it is called—I am so hungry and just as I was longing for a seed, here it is, right beside me."

Just at that moment he heard a small voice, which said very gently: "Please, Eagle dear, do not eat me, but take me to the valley, where I long to be. For years I have been here on the top of this high mountain, while I sigh to be in the valley beside the cool brook."

"So you have no name?" asked the Eagle. "And you want to live and grow and blossom in the valley?"

"Yes—you will not eat me, will you?" "I think not, but you are only one of many who want what you do not have. It is the way of the world. I, the great Eagle, fond of the heights as I am, want to be penned in a cage like a canary, where I can hear the soft voices of those who love me and hear the rustle of beautiful women's dresses. Ah, me! We all want what we do not have, and that is why I am not sure that I should eat you and have it all over with."

"If you do for others, you will some time have others do for you," said the tiny voice. "Besides, if you take me to the foot of the mountain I will let you name me and no one will ever forget me, for I was named by you—the great Eagle, the king of birds."

"You reason well and I will take you very gently down to the mossy bank beside the brook, and then what will you do for me?"

"What can I, a little seed, do for you? I told you to name me—you are to name me."

"With that the great Eagle took the tiny seed in his beak and flew down to the mossy bank beside the brook. When he had done this, the wind began to sing through the trees and the little brook rippled with laughter. Suddenly the little Eagle was filled with a strange feeling.

"Can this be love?" he asked. "This strange feeling?"

"Can you have done so, a great bird, to name me?"

"Can you have done so, a great bird, to name me?"

"Can you have done so, a great bird, to name me?"

"Can you have done so, a great bird, to name me?"

A RAINBOW FLOCK OF POSIES

Advertisement for 'Whose sunny hours Creep with silent feet.' featuring portraits of children and names: EVA THOMPSON, ALFRED GEORGE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., CROWLEY ST. 9; EVELYN HAYES, N. 18th ST.; JENET CRONHARDT, WALLACE ST.; THELMA LEDDY, SPRAGUE ST.; MURVICE HELLER, S. 12th ST.; MAY KRIEGER, PULIP ST.; PAUL BUTLER, COULTER ST.; BUNNY SMITH, CEDAR GROVE, N.J.

Advertisement for 'Things to Know and Do' featuring Uncle Rubbe and a list of names: FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER; I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name, Address, Age, School I attend.

Advertisement for 'My Poppy Garden' by ROSE BOLLEN and 'A Flower Garden Box' by ANNA MOONEY, Cheltenham. Includes text about gardening tips and a prize 'White Chrysanthemum'.

Advertisement for 'BOYS AND GIRLS' featuring a 'White Chrysanthemum' prize and a 'Rainbow Club' membership form.